

The Lincoln County Herald
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ELLIS & FISHER.
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N. P. MINOR,
Attorney at Law,
LOUISIANA, MISSOURI.

WILL practice in the counties of Callaway,
Montgomery, Lincoln, Pike and Saline.
aug 24

A. H. BUCKNER | E. A. LEWIS.

BUCKNER & LEWIS,
Attorneys at Law,
ST. CHARLES, MO.

PRACTICE in the Circuit Courts of St. Charles
Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln counties,
the District Court of St. Charles, and the Supreme
Court at St. Louis. [Oct. 26, 1866: n44]

C. M. B. THURMOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 218 CHESTNUT STREET,
(Keweenaw Building)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

JOSEPH B. ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND AGENT HANBAL STATE INS. CO.,
AND N. Y. CONTINENTAL LIFE INS. CO.
Troy, Missouri.

WILL practice in all the Courts of the third
Judicial Circuit. All business entrusted to
his care will be promptly attended to.
Dec. 12, 1865. n1

R. D. WALTON,
Attorney at Law,
Truxton, Lincoln County, Mo.
WILL practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial
District. [Feb 13 1867.]

F. T. WILLIAMS,
Attorney at Law,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Truxton, Lincoln County,
MISSOURI.
December 12, 1865. n1 y

DR. J. C. GOODRICH
DENTIST.
Office Wentzville Mo.
Nitrous Oxid Gas administered for the painless
removal of teeth.
Reference, my old patrons,
June 28, 1867.]

MAX MARTINIK,
TAILOR,
Is now located in the "OLD POST-OFFICE
BUILDING," a few doors west of W. A. Jack-
son's store, where he is prepared to do
CUTTING AND ALL KINDS OF TAILORING,
to the satisfaction of his customers, and for the
most reasonable prices.
DON'T FAIL TO GIVE HIM A CALL.
sep 26 '67 n40 6m

WM. DAVISON,
WATCH & CLOCK
MAKER,
One Door North of the Town Hall,
TROY, MO.
Jewelry of all kinds made to order, and
all work warranted.
Oct 24, '67 n44

Stephenson House,
Wright City.
THIS HOUSE has been recently opened for the ac-
commodation of the traveling public. The
house is new, well furnished, and every attention
given to the patrons to make it pleasant to travel-
ers who wish to stop over night, or take
the stage to Troy. A share of public patronage
is respectfully solicited. [Jan 2, 1867, n1]

Barnum's Hotel,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
THE UNDERSIGNED will continue the busi-
ness under the name and style of FAY & Mc-
CARTY. Proprietors of Barnum's St. Louis
Hotel. The house has recently been refurnished
and fitted up with all the modern improvements
and conveniences, and as heretofore, will be kept
as a first class hotel in all respects.
FAY & McCARTY,
St. Louis, Nov. 20, '67. WM. G. McCARTY.
dec 17 '67 n50

EVERETT HOUSE
FOURTH STREET,
SAINT LOUIS, MO.,
I. B. GILDERLEVE, Proprietor.

The most central location of any house in the city
On the corner of 4th and Main streets, stop for
passengers in due time, and baggage checked at
the door, which are advantages equal to any hotel
in the city. [March 15, 1867]

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
(Formerly Salt House),
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The subscriber, formerly joint proprietor of the
Everett House, takes pleasure in announcing to
his friends and the public generally, that he has
taken the above Hotel, which he has refitted and
refurnished. The tables will be supplied with the
best of the market afford. No attention will be
wanting to make the guests friends of the St. Nicholas.
BROS JENNINGS.
May 3 1867 n19

CITY HOTEL,
St. Charles, Missouri.

THIS hotel, having undergone a thorough
cleaning and remodeling is now ready for
the accommodation of the traveling public as well as
of house parties. A well-fitted-up Bar Room is
annexed, where the choicest of Wines, Liquors,
Cigars, etc., can be had.
O. L. BROS. Proprietors.
July 9, 1866

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 3.

TROY, MO., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1868.

NO. 44.

FALLING LEAVES.
They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side,
Savored from the noble branches
Where they waved in beauteous pride;
They are falling in the valleys,
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds in sunny spring time
For their dearest music sing.
They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door;
Pale and faded like the loved ones,
They have gone forever more.
They are falling, and the sunbeams
Shine in beauteous soft around;
Yet the faded leaves are falling,
Falling on the mossy ground.

They are falling on the streamlet,
Where the silver waters flow,
And upon their placid bosom
O'erward with the waters go.
They are falling in the churchyard
Where our kindred sweetly sleep,
Where the idle winds of summer
Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
Where the summer breezes sigh,
Where the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar;
When the tuneful winds and billows
Sadly sigh forever more.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened hearts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago;
And their faded hues remind us
Of the blessed hopes and dreams,
Ere the fallen leaflets
Cast upon the icy streams.

The Work Before us.
[From the Banner of the South.]

As the day of election for Presi-
dent and Vice-President draws near, the
great heart of the nation beats quick, and
its pulse throbs fast, as it hopes for a
Constitutional victory and the restoration
of Liberty and Peace. Will that be a
blessed day for the American Union? or
will its sun set in darkness and desolation?
These are the questions which nerve and
quicken the pulsations in the Patriot's
bosom, and make him alternate between
fear and hope, as he repeats them to him-
self. And who shall answer them? Each
individual for himself. It is not for one,
or for one hundred, alone, to work in
the interests of this great cause; but,
for all—who love Constitutional Lib-
erty, and would perpetuate its blessings
and its glories, to work with unflinching
and unceasing devotion, to the end.
If we fail, approving Conscience will
accuse us of blame, and free us from the
twitings of remorse. If we succeed—
and God Grant we may!—we shall not
only have approving Conscience to reward
us, but the blessings of the present and
future generations for the grand work we
shall have accomplished. Why stand we
idle, then, when so much is at stake—
when so much is to be done? It is the
last grand conflict of Political Justice
and Truth with political Error and Fanat-
icism, that is being fought. It is the
last struggle for the preservation and
perpetuation of Constitutional Liberty,
that is being made; and he who dares
now is, indeed, a dastard and a traitor.
Is there one true son of the South so poor
in patriotism, so cowardly in spirit, that
he would herd with the enemies of his
country and his liberty, or could stand
idly by, and see the banners of despotism
flaunting their crimson lies in his
face, without arousing within himself all
his manhood and devotion to truth? If
there be such a one, we appeal to him now
by the love which he bore his poor suffer-
ing South—by the love he gave to his
mother, his sister, his wife, his little ones;
by the affection which he pledged to "an-
other not a sister," and the honors which
he would place around her brow; by the
peace and happiness which he would se-
cure to his family and friends; by the
regard he ought to feel for his fellow-
men—in a word, by all the ties, sacred
and secular, which ought to bind him to
his native land, and all the memories
which ought to arouse his patriotism, and
bravery, and devotion, in this hour of
his country's peril, to put aside his apathy,
and bestir himself in the great cause
of Constitutional Liberty.

To those whose bosoms have already
been fired, and who are working so nobly
in this glorious work, we appeal, to con-
tinue with unceasing energy and undag-
ging devotion. The Democratic party
has unfurled his banner, and is marching
onward we hope, to decisive victory. The
trumpets are sounding, the drums are
beating, and the cohorts are gathering all
over this broad land. Their noble lead-
ers, with unflinching step, and unflin-
ing eye, are in the van of the advancing
columns, cheering their followers, and
bidding them to be of good heart and firm
purpose. Their "tramp, tramp, tramp,"
is felt, and the shouts of the mighty host
are heard from the bleak shores of Maine,
along the coast of the broad Atlantic,
reverberating from the crests of the
Rocky Mountains, mingling with those
from the far-off Pacific, and descending
the mighty Father of Waters to the Gulf
of Mexico. And shall we of the South
be straggled in this grand Constitutional
Army? Shall we stand idle, and take no
share in the great contest? No! A thou-
sand times, no! Awake, arise, to the im-
minence of the issue at stake; awake
to the importance of the struggle; shake
off your lethargy and your apathy; join
heart and hand with those who are com-
ing to free you from the shackles which
Radicalism has fastened upon your
enfeebled limbs, to rescue you from the Mil-
litary Despotism which grind your life
blood out of you; from the misrule and
oppression of the usurpers who sit in the

high places at Washington and strangle
your liberties, your peace and your pros-
perity here. Oh, men of the South! will
you not rally to the standard of this
party which comes thus to your relief?
Rally! rally! before it is too late. And
you, women of the South use your potent
influence in this good cause. Urge your
husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers, to
the rescue. Your interests are at stake,
your peace and safety are in jeopardy,
your happiness is threatened. Give all
your sweet persuasion and irresistible
influence to the cause of the South, of the
Union, to the cause of Constitutional
Liberty.

And thus, all working together, in har-
mony and zeal, we shall, as we firmly
hope, be able to join, heart and soul, in
the shouts of joy which the Democratic
victory in November next, will cause to
second from one end of this broad con-
tinent to the other; and in the prayers of
thanksgiving which will ascend to the
Throne of Grace for the preservation and
perpetuation of Constitutional Liberty.

Harvesting the Spoils.
The Bondholders having secured judg-
ment in their favor in Pennsylvania, Ohio,
and Indiana, are already busily engaged
in gathering the fruits of their victory.
The news from Europe this morning says
the 5-20s have largely advanced. Here
is the cable telegram:

FRANKFORT, Oct. 18.—The market for
United States bonds is excited. A large
business is being done and prices are
higher—5 20s advanced to 7 1/2.
The meaning of this is that the affilia-
ted moneyed interests of Europe and
America, after a desperate conflict with
the people of the United States, have pre-
vailed against them, and are now harvest-
ing the spoils. Why have the bonds
gone up? Because the probability now
is that they will be redeemed in gold at
their face value. By whom will they be
paid? By the American people of course.

The Radical victory of last Tuesday
means the transfer of five or six hundred
millions (who can be precise in estimates
while such a financial system prevails?)
from the tax-payers of the United States,
to the cosmopolitan Bondholders. It
means a clear loss of that amount to the
working or producing classes of this
country and an equal gain for the money
changers of the two continents. In other
words it means that we shall have to pay
a gold dollar instead of a paper dollar.
We presume that no one is ignorant
enough to imagine that the increased value
of the 5 20s will bring a cent into the
United States treasury? The bonds have
long since passed out of the possession
of the Government, and are held mainly
by speculators and the banks. The bond-
holding interest could well afford to ex-
pend a million to secure a Radical victory
in the late elections; and there is not the
slightest doubt that they spent untold
sums. The money is all on the Radical
side in this election. The rich Demo-
crats being Bondholders too, are natu-
rally influenced by their private interests.
Their patriotism and selfishness are at
war. Perhaps it is too much to expect
of human nature, that a man should con-
tribute money for a cause the success of
which would reduce the market value of
his property. At all events, the Demo-
cratic Dives is keeping his fingers crossed
and buttoned close, while the Radical Dives
is sowing the suitable patches with green-
backs, that blossom into ballots by elec-
tion day. Corruption is the great engine
of Radicalism in the North, as military
terrorism is in the South. The peculiar
character of the contest has arrayed the
moneyed world against the Democratic
ticket. It is said you must fight fire
with fire, but that is impossible in the
present contest, as far as the Democracy
are concerned. We have nothing to rely
on but the naked strength of our cause;
and it would be folly to deny that it is in
great danger of being overcome by the
torrent of corruption and vindictiveness
that deluges the land. The people seem
to be walking deliberately and with their
eyes wide open into the snare set for
them by the astute gamblers of the stock
exchanges of New York, London, Paris,
and Frankfurt. The American Samson
seems to be on the point of being reduced
to a state of bondage and of having no
alternative for some time but to grind in
the mill of the Philistines.—St. Louis
Dispatch of the 19th.

The Negro to Rule.
Wendell Phillips says that "Grant's
election melts the millions into one indis-
soluble whole, calling us to stamp on it
what legend we will. Lincoln found
himself, to his amazement, the emancipa-
tor of the slave, as Grant will be the
shield of the negro. If this November
sends Grant to the White House, we shall
say the negro has elected a President.
May the future justify us amply." In
these assertions of Phillips is concentrated
the whole philosophy of Radicalism.
There is consolidation and a government
transformed to be stamped "with what
legend we choose." As Lincoln was
forced by the course of events to liberate
the Negro, Grant will be compelled to
make the negro the master of the South,
and for the reason that he will be a negro-
crated President. How do white voters
of Missouri like the programme?

I have knocked you down. I have
beaten you, I have spit in your throat, I
have picked your pocket, says the "troly-
toil" man, and if you beat me back again,
or attempt to deprive me of my hard
earned gains, I will cry out revolution,
and everybody who isn't a rebel and
a bloody revolutionist and a
disloyal man and a repudiator will fly
to my rescue. Let us have peace; and now,
my good friend, for another dig at your
parade.

Greenbacks and Gold.

Uncle John Griffin had two sons. They
went to war as substitutes for the two
sons of Mr. Mill onaire Smith, of the
Fifth Avenue. One Griffin lost a leg and
the other an arm. When the war was
over, the Government agent called on
Uncle John, and asked: "Where are the
boys?" Uncle John said: "I'll just
step out and call 'em. One of 'em is
turnin' the crank of a hand organ at the
corner, and the other is holdin' a cigar
box to catch pennies."

In comes the Griffins. The agent says:
"How are ye, my boys? I've got a hun-
dred dollars apiece for you from the Gov-
ernment." "Thank ye," said the boys.
Out of his left hand pocket the agent
drew a couple of hundred dollars in
greenbacks. "Ah!" said old Uncle John,
who was looking on, "that's less than
sixty dollars apiece for a leg and arm."
"But," rejoined the agent, "that is legal
tender, and you ought to be glad to get it."
"I now," said the agent, "must call and
see Mr. Smith and pay him a couple of
hundred for his coupons. Mr. Smith is a
noble bondholder, and loaned the Gov-
ernment his money to help kill the rebe-
les; and, you know, you two went as sub-
stitutes for his sons."

"Well," said the one legged Griffin,
"as I would like to see Mr. Smith myself,
I'll just hobble over with you."

"Mr. Smith received the agent conde-
scendingly, and the crippled soldier hob-
bled in without being asked. Says the
agent:
"Mr. Smith, I've a couple of hundred
dollars for you to day, if it is convenient
for you to receive it," and he took out of
his right hand pocket ten beautiful twenty
dollar gold pieces, and laid them on the
table before the greedy eyes of Mr. Smith.
"What!" exclaimed the soldier, "is
Mr. Smith any better than me? You
gave me greenbacks, and you gave him
gold."

"Ah!" said the agent impatiently, "you
must learn to understand things. Mr.
Smith is a patriot, and you—you're only
a poor soldier!"

The Lord help us!

JOHN GRIFFIN.

Home Affairs.

The miserable attempt to stampede the
Democratic party, having come to a sud-
den and ignominious ending, let our
people now brace themselves for the Novem-
ber election. To restore Missouri to free-
dom—to redeem the State, and with it
this country, from the Radical thralldom
will be glory enough, for this year. If
we but make as gallant a fight as our
brethren in Pennsylvania and Indiana,
have made we shall undoubtedly beat the
Radicals. There are 50,000 more Demo-
crats on the lists of qualified voters than
in '66. In this county there are at least
7,000 more. Therefore, unless we deliver
ourselves up to apathy and "beastial ob-
livion" we can save our State and county,
whatever may be the result of the Presi-
dential election. And in spite of the nar-
row issue in the States that held elec-
tions on Tuesday, the Presidential contest
is not decided. We should always bear
in mind that the Democratic tide is com-
ing in, not going out—that though each
wave may be beaten back the water mark
is rising higher and higher each moment.
The party is stronger absolutely and rel-
atively to day than it has been at any
time since 1855. Let us also remember
that we have the straight issue of negro
sufrage in this State—the question which
turned the scale in favor of the Democracy
last year. McClurg advocates negro
equality. The Radical platform declares
unequivocally for negro sufrage and the
payment in gold of the 5-20 bonds. Our
State ticket is stronger than the Radical
State ticket; our county ticket is stronger
than the Radical county ticket; every-
thing is in favor except the prestige re-
sulting from late elections. But that
weighs as a feather when men are in ear-
nest and resolved. If we have the true
grit, we shall cover the Radicals, of Mis-
souri at least, with the humiliation of
defeat before the ides of November.—St.
Louis Dispatch.

Seymour Now as He Was During the War.

When in the dark hour of the war,
Horatio Seymour was elected Governor
of New York, his inaugural address,
coming as it did from one of the ablest
statesmen in the Union, just elected to the
highest office in the Empire—tate of the
Republic, was looked for with unusual
interest, and in ability and in patriotism,
it was worthy the man and the office.
His stern opposition to the usurpation of
the Union was written in words so plain
that he who runs may read. From his
inaugural we give this extract:
"Under no circumstances can the divi-
sion of the Union be conceded. We will
put forth every exertion of power; we
will use every policy of conciliation;
we will hold out every inducement to
allegiance, of the South to return to their
people consistent with honor; we
will guarantee them every right, every
consideration demanded by the Constitu-
tion; and by the fraternal regard which
must prevail in a common country; but
we can never voluntarily consent to the
breaking up of the Union of these States,
or the destruction of the Constitution."
Horatio Seymour is still for the Union,
not now, as in 1863, when in danger from
the rebellion of the South, but those of
the North, who seek to disrupt it.—Ohio
Statesman.

A Lady in Baltimore has sent the Sec-

retary of the Treasury two cents, tell-
ing him that the compound interest on it in
a thousand years will pay the national debt,
and save the country from the crime of
repudiation.

General Blair Disloyal.

We were loth to believe the reports in
circulation Monday evening, to the effect
that the Board of Review in session at
General Blair's had entertained objection
to General Blair as a voter in the Eighth
District. The Dispatch, however, having
taken pains to inquire into the matter,
says that it is literally true, and that on the
books, opposite his name, are written the
words "Objected to by the Board." This
entry was made after the General had left
the city to fill an appointment in another
State. Though there is no legality what-
ever in the proceeding, it is a character-
istic illustration of our beautiful system
of sufrage under Radical rule. The
charge against Blair is "disloyalty," of
course—and surely no better evidence is
required than that the accuser is a candi-
date on the Democratic ticket. Whether
or not it was General Blair's intention to
vote in this election, we are of the opinion
that the parties to this outrage will re-
ason to regret their action.—Repub-
lican.

A Sad Picture.

The New Orleans Picayune relates the
following painful story:

"Yesterday the police records an-
nounced that a man had been picked up
on Magazine street, in a sick and desti-
tute condition, and taken to the Charity
hospital." These few lines were all.
They gave no warning of a history that
was full of the most eventful and re-
markable adventures. For this sick man
was once a statesman, a representative,
and a senator in Congress, and a lawyer
of distinguished ability. At one time he
was the idol of a great party in a neigh-
boring State, and there was no position
of place and confidence he could not have
held. But, like many others, his inter-
perate habits soon forfeited him the re-
spect of his friends, and the confidence
of his party. Stinking lower and lower
in the pit of ruin, he dissolved his fam-
ily connections. His wife left him, his
children forsook him, and, alone in the
world, he was picked up in the streets of
New Orleans sick and destitute, without
money and without friends. There are
many here who will recognize the man.

"To Your Tents, Oh, Israel!"—A Ra-

lying Shout from the Jews and
Adopted Citizens.

Editor Nashville Republican Banner:
I think I know something of what I
write. I am an Israelite and a foreigner,
and have been for years a Republican.
But I cannot and will not vote for Ulysses
S. Grant, the author of the infamous
order No. 11. So it is in the North.
If the Radical majorities in Ohio, Indi-
ana and Pennsylvania are not over ten
thousand, there are Israelites enough in
each of those States, who are Republi-
cans and have and will vote the Repub-
lican ticket generally, that will never
never, never vote for Grant. Mark that.
They will not do it. There are Radical
Israelite voters enough in the city of
Philadelphia, who have voted with the
Radicals in this late election, and who
will not vote for Grant, to change the
result.

I might say the same of the German,
Irish and Italian Republicans, who have
voted in the late election with their party,
but they will not vote for Colfax, with his
Know-Nothing record and Know-Nothing
out.

A Sign of the Times.

A nigger and a white man committed
a rape upon a white woman in Virginia,
in a district of that State which gives a
seven thousand nigger majority. They
were tried and sentenced to be hung; but
the white man only suffered that penalty.
The nigger was respited, and his
sentence changed to imprisonment for life.
The nigger majority of seven thou-
sand, was the potent argument upon Gov.
Wells. Who will dare say now that the
black scoundrels have no rights? Who
will say that the nigger, in the scale of
justice, is not superior to a white man?
The fruits are being gathered. Vote the
Radical ticket, and you perpetuate this
state of affairs.

A Session of the Indian Commission of

which General Sherman is President, has
been held in Chicago. The Commission
decided to recommend to the President
and Congress, the feeding, clothing and
protecting of those Indian tribes which
have located on agricultural reservations,
and that military force should be used to
compel other Indians to so locate. It is
also recommended that the Government
no longer deal with the Indian tribes as
nations, but hold the individuals respon-
sible to the laws of the Government, except
where treaties otherwise provide. It is
also agreed to recommend that a terri-
tory composed of parts of Colorado, Utah,
Arizona, and New Mexico be set apart
for the exclusive use of the Navajos and
Utes Indians, now occupying the region,
and such other Indians as may be in-
duced to join them.

Parson Brownlow, the shining light of
Radical decency, says he "would rather
go to hell with a loyal negro, than to
Heaven with copperheads!" The sound-
ed's wish will, we have no doubt, be
respected by the Almighty, and it is cer-
tain that no copperhead will take such a
dithy old beast as Brownlow along with
him to the celestial mansion. So Brown-
low and his "loyal negroes" have a good
chance for an everlasting residence in
the sulphury tropics.

But one false step, one wrong habit,
one corrupt companion, one loose prin-
ciple, may entirely wreck all your bright
prospects, and all the hope of those who
love you.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Square (10 lines) 37 lines, one insertion, .01 50
Each additional insertion, .005 75
Administrators' Notices, .005 75
Final Settlement Notices, .005 75
Stray Notices (single stray), .005 75
Each additional stray in same notice, .005 75
A Liberal Deduction will be made to
yearly advertisers.

A GAY NEGRO WEDDING.—A negro

wedding lately took place in this county,
at which the cable person thus spoke:
Here is a couple who have walked out
to-night wishing to be joined in and thro'
love, and wishing all dem dat have any-
thing twixt dem to come forward and
speak now, if not let dem hold dar peace
now and forever more. I wants every
ear to hear and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Jim Thompson, who ever
stands fastly to your left side do you take
her for your beloved wife, to wait on her
through sickness and through health, safe
and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and
be loving. Do you love her mother, do
you love her father, do you love her
brothers, do you love her sisters, do you
love her master, do you love her mis-
tress, but do you love God de best?"

Answer—"I do."

"Miss Mary Thompson, who ever
stands fastly by your right side, do you
take to be your dear beloved husband, to
wait on him through health and through
conduition, safe and be safe, holy and be
holy, do you love his mother, do you love
his father, do you love his brothers, do
you love his sisters, and does you love
God better dan all?"

Answer—"I does."

"I shall now pronounce Mr. Jim to
hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand
and shall pronounce you both to be man
and wife by de commandments of God.
We shall hopes and trusting through
God dat you may live right—dat you
may die right now and forevermore.
Now Mr. Jim, slow your bride."

"Let us sing a hime:
"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," &c.
—Montgomery Ala. Mail.

LONGSTREET.—Longstreet's pilgrim-
age to the Jacobin party must have been
a good deal like a man in western Pen-
sylvania, who inquired of a boy whether
he knew where Jake Kleinfelter lived.
The boy said he did. Says he "Can you
tell me?" "Yes, sir," says the boy. "Do
you see our barn down there?" "Yes,
said he." "Go to that. About three
hundred yards beyond the barn you will
find a lane. Take that lane and follow
along for about a mile and a half. Then
you will come to a branch. Go up that
branch about a quarter of a mile, and
then you will come to a slippery elm log.
You be mighty keeful, stranger, about
going on that log; you may get into the
branch; and then you go on until you
get to the brow of a hill, and there the
roads prevaricate, and you take the left
hand road and keep that until you get
into a big plum thicket and when you
get there, why then—then—then—"Well
what then?" "Why, then, stranger, I'll
d: darned if you ain't lost."

An exchange remarks that John Bright
once compared a certain party in Eng-
land to one of those singular little pool-
doodle dogs, so herry at both ends that when
it was set down upon the floor it had to
stop a moment to consider which end
ought to go ahead. The Jacobin negro
equality ticket is of the same sort. The
Convention made a mistake, and took
Grant for the head, but the moment it
was put on the track the Colfax end
started off ahead, and it has been run-
ning that end first ever since. The bark
all comes from the Colfax end, while the
Grant end sits down in silence—the very
impersonation of reticence.—Columbus
(Ky.) Dispatch.

During the examination of a witness as

to the locality of the stairs in the house,
the counsel asked him:
"Which way did the stairs run?"
The witness, who, by the way, is a no-
ted wag, replied that—
"One way they run up, but the other
way they run down."

The learned counsel wiped both eyes,

and took a look at the ceiling.

A GOOD JUDGE OF A SERMON.—Dr.

Barnes, who is now about ninety-five
years of age, being sometimes—as even
younger men might be—inclined to sleep
a little during the sermon, a friend who
was with him in his pew one Sunday, j-
oked him a little on his having nodded
now and then. Barnes insisted that he
had been awake all the time.

"Well, then," said his friend, "you
can tell me what the sermon was about."

"Yes, I can," said he; "it was about
an hour too long!"

The people are paying into the Treas-

ury of the United States at the rate of
nearly five hundred millions a year, and
yet the public debt is daily increasing.
The last statement showed an increase of
twelve millions in one month, and the
telegraph now tells us the statement for
October will show a further increase of
several millions. "Rab for Cant and Grab
tax!"

God made both tears and laughter, and
both for kind purposes; for as laughter
enables mirth and surprise to breathe
freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent it-
self patiently. Tears hinder sorrow
from becoming despair and madness; and
laughter is one of the very privileges of
reason being confined to the human
species.

The editor of the Morristown Gazette
duns his patrons as follows: "A man
might as well attempt to quench the
phosphorescent emanations from the tail-end
of a lightning bug with a squirt-gun, as
to try to run a newspaper without
money."

A western editor requests of his sub-
scribers who owe him more than six
months subscription to send him a look of
their hair, so that he may know if they
are still living.